THE PETRIFIED MAN.

A Cardiff Giant Swindle That Came to a Sudden End.

"Not very long after Barnum's Cardiff giant went into history some young men appeared at Lancaster, Mo., with the petrified body of a man which they said they had found on their father's farm in Iowa while plowing." related the man who was telling of the incident. "The young men were exhibiting their petrified man in a tent, charging 10 cents admission. To the large and keenly interested crowd they explained that while working in the field one day the plow struck something hard, supposedly a rock. The plowman stooped down to remove the obstruction, but could not. He called his brother. By their united efforts with shovels they uncovered the rock, which turned out to be a petrified man, perfect in every outline. A great many people came to the grave and identified the remains as a neighbor who had gone off to the war, returned home and mysteriously disappeared. A mark under the eye and some peculiar scars in the back were the main means of identification, the speaker said, and there was no doubt that the soldier had died and turned to stone.

"A large man who had been listening thoughtfully spoke up when the description was finished.

"'You are sure that's Jim ——?' he asked.

"'Certainly," said the speaker. 'My father knew him well. He has positively identified him.'

"'Know how he came to his death?'

"'No, sir. It's a mystery.'

"'Then we'll hold an inquest.'

"In response to the amazed exclamation from the owners of the petrified man the inquisitor explained that he was the prosecuting attorney of the county and that it was his duty to see that inquests were held in all cases where death was mysterious. The boys protested, but in vain. They tried to get out of town with their exhibit, but were arrested and put under bond. The petrified man was laid out in state and the coroner summoned. He brought a mallet along. The crowd was immense, for this time the show was free.

"'If there's anybody here who knows how this man came to his death he will please come forward,' said the prosecutor.

"Nobody responded, for the boys had jumped their bond.

"'Then I will make a postmortem examination,' said the coroner, picking up his mallet.

"He tapped the petrified soldier alongside the head. It rolled around and around like a baby on a doll rack when the thrower hits a bullseye. Then he tapped an arm. That member also did the whirling act, because an iron rod ran through the center. The other arm performed the same way under the coroner's scientific manipulation.

"'What do you find was the cause of death, doctor?' asked the prosecutor.

"'Too much iron in the system.'

"Without another word he picked up his mallet and left the death chamber. The petrified man was patched up and sold to a traveling speculator for $60, which just about covered the costs of the inquest and the attorney's fees. The last I heard of the petrified man he was being shown in the Ozarks as the remains of a Persian king or duke who had been slain several thousand years ago by his subjects, who thought he was hard."—New York Sun.

Long Canals.

The Grand canal of China is the longest entirely artificial waterway in the world, extending as it does from Hangchau to Pekin, a distance of almost 700 miles. The part between the Yellow river and the Yangtze is said to have been constructed over 500 years before Christ. The remaining portions were built separately at later dates, and Kublai-Khan, whose rule began in 1280, united them and made the continuous canal, which is still used. Much longer continuous waterways, partially natural and for the remainder of their extent artificial, exist elsewhere. Of these the longest reaches from the Chinese frontier to St. Petersburg. It measures 4,472 miles. Another, running from Astrakhan to St. Petersburg, is 1,434 miles. Both these were projected and commenced by Peter the Great.

Always the Sermon.

An American was being shown over an old church beneath which hundreds of people were interred.

"A great many people sleep beneath this roof," said the guide, with a wave of his hand.

"Is that so?" exclaimed the American. "Same way over in our country. Why don't you get a more interesting preacher?"—Liverpool Mercury.

ENDOCARDITIS.

Forms and Dangers of This Affection of the Heart.

By "endocarditis" is meant an inflammation of the endocardium or membrane lining the cavities of the heart. It is caused by the presence of poisonous material, usually of living germs, in the blood and is therefore most often associated with or a consequence of some general disease, such as rheumatism, typhoid fever, scarlet fever, diphtheria or pneumonia.

There are the usual two forms found in most diseases, acute and chronic, the last following upon the first, and there are also the more important divisions into simple and malignant endocarditis.

In the simple kind the lining membrane of the heart presents numerous points of inflammation—little red areas with a tuft or ball of fibrin, or clotted blood, in the center. These inflamed spots are not large, and the clots attached to them are also small in the simple form. But in malignant endocarditis the area inflamed is much more extensive, and the clots are larger, sometimes almost filling the cavity of the heart. In some cases of malignant endocarditis, then called ulcerative endocarditis, the inflammation is so acute as to cause ulceration of the affected parts.

The dangers of endocarditis are twofold—danger to the heart itself and danger to the brain or lungs or one of the other organs of the body. The danger to the heart is from injury to one of the valves. This almost always happens except in the mildest form of endocarditis, because the inflammation most often affects the edges of the valves. Even when the disease subsides without giving any sign of valvular injury at first, this often appears later through a fibrous thickening or scarlike contraction of the part originally inflamed. This interferes with the complete closure of the valve, and the result is a heart permanently crippled by valvular disease.

When there is actual ulceration of the valves injury is inevitable.

The danger to the brain or other organ is from detachment of the little blood clot from the inflamed spot and its carriage into the general circulation, where it plugs one of the smaller arteries. If this happens in the brain it gives rise to symptoms of apoplexy.

The first principle of treatment is absolute rest in bed, and this inaction must be insisted upon long after the patient feels well and is well, and for the rest of life anything that may cause heart strain must be carefully avoided.—Youth's Companion.

The First Law of Nature.

Two Irish soldiers stationed in the West Indies were accustomed to bathe daily in a little bay which was generally supposed to be free from sharks. Though on good terms with each other, they were not what might be called fast friends.

One day as they were swimming about 100 yards from the shore Pat observed Mike suddenly making for the land as hard as he could without saying a word. Wondering what was the matter, Pat struck out vigorously after him and landed at his companion's heels.

"Is there anything wrong wid ye?" inquired Pat feelingly.

"Nothin', nothin' at all," replied the other.

"Thin what did you make such a suddint retrate for an' lave me?" continued Pat.

"Bedad," answered Mike coolly, "I spied the fin av a big shark about twenty feet ahead, an' I thought while he was playin' wid you it would give me time to reach the shore!"

The Nebulae.

The discovery of the gaseous nature of the nebulae came about largely through the use of the spectroscope and spectrum analysis. Fraunhofer proved that the spectrum of an ignited gaseous body is "noncontinuous, with interrupting lines," and J. W. Draper demonstrated that the spectrum of an ignited solid is always continuous, with no interrupting lines. In this way it was proved that many of the nebulae are gaseous, illustrating the process of development actually going on.—New York American.

No Race Suicide.

There are many anecdotes of actors and playwrights in the recollections of Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft. Some of these, of course, originate with the always amusing H. J. Byron. To a provincial landlady he once bitterly complained of having been attacked by fleas.

"Fleas, sir?" was the retort. "I am sure there is not a single flea in my house."

"I am sure of it, too," was Byron's rejoinder. "They are all married and have large families."

CONSCRIPTION.

European Peasants Imagine That All Countries Enforce It.

Conscription is so universal throughout Europe that the French or Italian peasant cannot imagine a government which does not enforce it. This amusing account of the struggles of some Italians to comprehend our army system is found in an article by H. A. Fouck in Harper's Weekly.

At one of my stopping places the hostess wandered in and sat down before the register in which I had written my autobiography. Her eyes fell on the figures indicating my age. "Aha!" she cried, jabbing the number with a stubby forefinger and winking good humoredly. "Soldiering is hard work. I don't blame you any. Officers are hard masters."

I had too often been accused of running away to escape military service to be at all put out by this familiar accusation.

"Many a boy I know," went on the woman, "who has run away to America just before he reached his majority and the beginning of his three years in the army. How strange you Americans should fly over here to Italy for the same reason!"

"Well, I don't blame them," growled the innkeeper.

"But military service is not required in America," I put in.

"Eh?" cried my hearers in chorus.

"We don't have to be soldiers in America," I repeated.

"What! You have no army?" shouted the host.

"Yes. But the soldiers are hired, as for any other trade."

"But who makes them go?" demanded the blind musician.

"No one. They are paid to go."

The audience puzzled over this strange arrangement for several moments. Suddenly the landlady burst out laughing. "You think to fool us!" she cried. "How, if there is nobody to make them go, can there be soldiers to pay?"

"Ah! That's it!" roared the host.

"They go because they want to," I explained.

"Want to be soldiers?" bellowed the innkeeper. "What nonsense! Who wants to be a soldier and work three years for nothing?"

"But you don't understand. Those who want to be soldiers are paid wages."

"Ah!" cried a musician, with a sudden burst of inspiration. "When your name is drawn you pay a man wages to go for you?"

"No, the government pays him. Our names are not drawn."

"How much money the king must spend, paying all the soldiers!"

"Ah! They are strange people, the Americans," sighed the host. And he cast upon me a glance that seemed to say, "And liars, too, very often."

A Question of Usage.

The choir began the hymn. When they came to the line, "Neither are they afraid," the composer of the music had so written it that it had to be repeated first by the soprano, then by the alto and finally by the bass. The soprano seemed to be of conservative taste and sang the line, "Nee-ther are they afraid." Apparently the alto had departed from the usage of her forefathers, for when she brought out the words they became "Ni-ther are they afraid," and it became a serious question which side the bass would take. The bass was an Irishman. Out rolled his rich voice, "Nay-ther are they afraid."

So the question of usage still remained unsettled.—London Standard.

The Roots of Altruism.

The three eternal roots of altruistic energy are these: First, the principle of justice—that there is a moral law before which all men are equal, so that I ought to help my neighbor to his rights; second, the principle of charity—that I owe infinite tenderness to any shape or kind of man, however unworthy or useless to the same; third, the principle of free will—that I can really decide to help my neighbor and am truly disgraced if I do not do so. To this may be added the idea of a definite judgment—that is, that the action will at some time terribly matter to the helper and the helped.—G. K. Chesterton.

Flowers as Food.

The old time epicurean was as enthusiastic over flowers and herbs as is the modern vegetarian over a cabbage. He mixed all kinds of buds, leaves and flowers with loving care and gave them all the common name of "sallets." Violets and cowslips he put into custards. Elder tops, burdock roots, broom buds and marshmallows he used for pickling. For concocting coloring sirups all manner of flowers were used. Today a cooked flower is a curiosity.

The Sorrow of It.

The jokesmith sat at a table. On his hands he rested his head, and after trying to think a think this is what he said: "Alas, my brain tank's empty! All thoughts seem to have fled. It's funny I can't remember the jokes I think of in bed."

Short-Handed New York.

Bacon—I see that New York has 16,000 stenographers.

Egbert—Is that all? Looks as if New York might be short-handed.—Yonkers Statesman.

Stood the Test.

"Mamma, why don't you want me to play with that Kudger boy?"

"Because, dear, I know the family. He hasn't good blood in him."

"Why, mamma, he's been vaccinated twice, and it wouldn't take either time."

About the Size of It.

Freddy Rhymer—What is a "poem of passion," pa?

Mr. Rhymer—It's the stamp-devouring one that travels on round-trip tickets and comes home to roost.

In Cupid's Court.

Judge Cupid at the prisoner
Did look somewhat askance;
"You stole a look," he said, "your guilt
Is patent at a glance."